Mighty Mirth with Mighty Moth on page five.

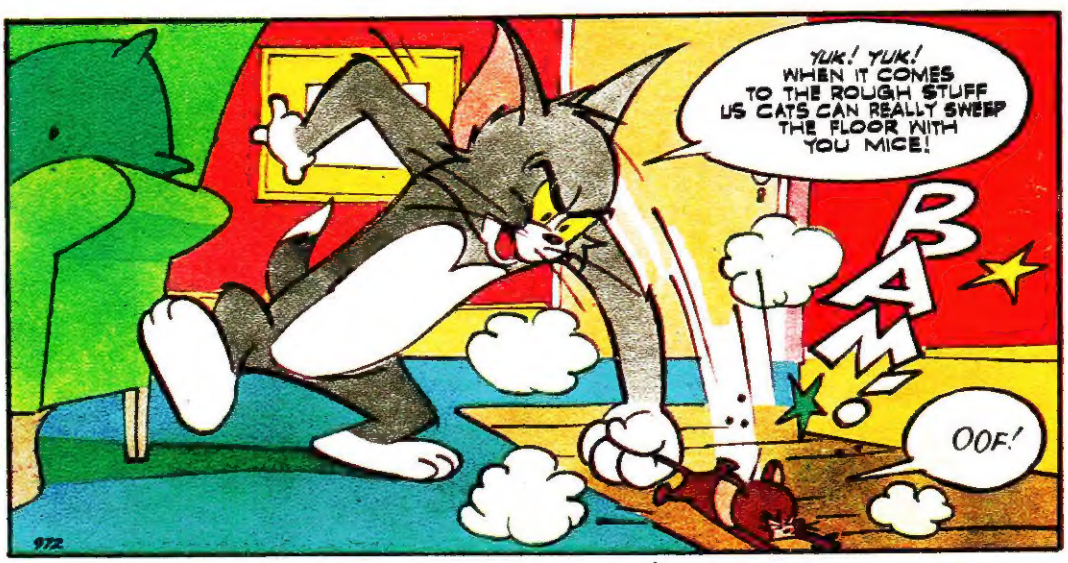
TV COMIC

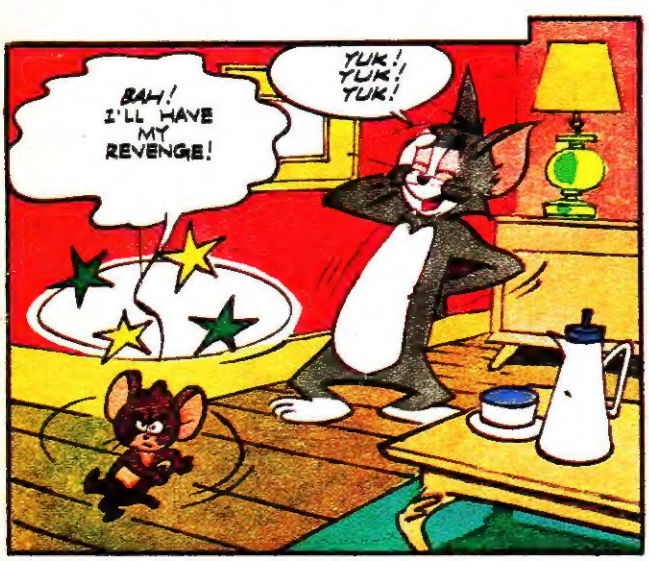
8d

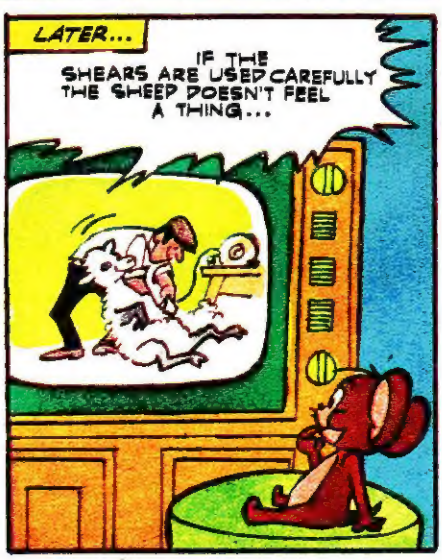
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

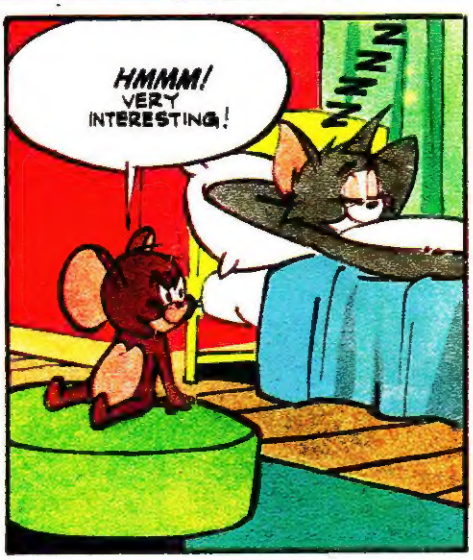
Every Monday | Week Ending 1st August, 1970 | Number 972

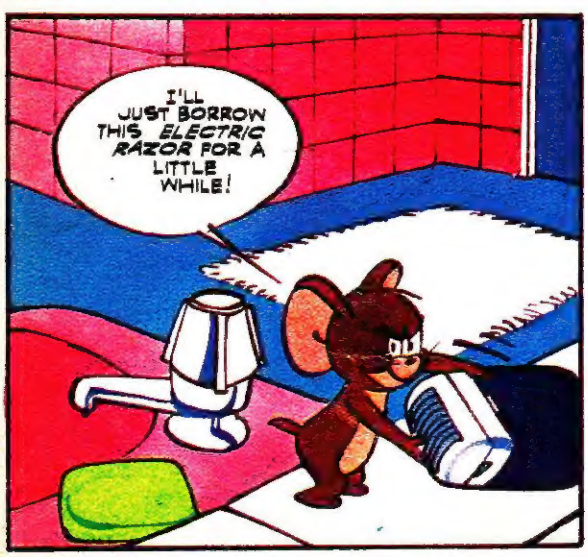
TOM and JERRY

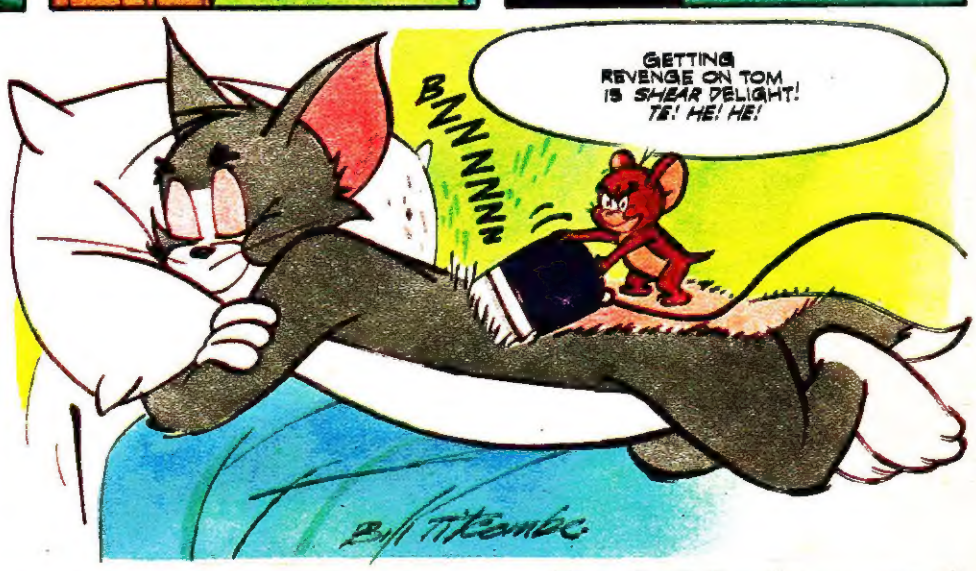












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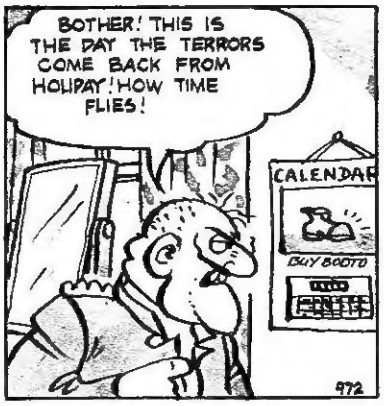
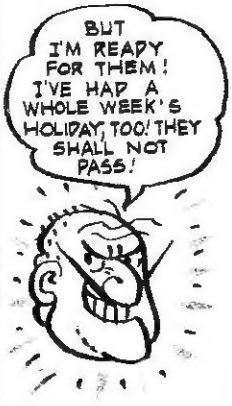
Bare-back laughs on page 2.

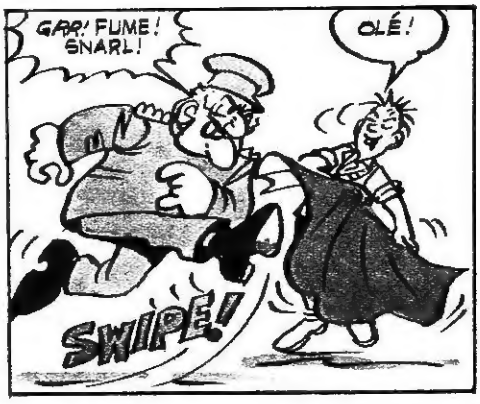
MINUTES LATER...
TOM
CHORTLE! CHORTLE! WHAT A SIGHT... NOW TO WAKE HIM UP!
WAKE UP, YOU STUPID CAT! I WANNA BE CHASED!
WAIT TILL I GET MY PAWS ON YOU!
HEH! HEH! I WANTED TOM TO CHASE ME INTO THE STREET...I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE PEOPLE'S FACES WHEN THEY LAY EYES ON HIM!
HAW! HAW! LOOK AT THAT CAT!
HUR! HUR! HUR!
EH? WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
OH, MY GOSH! I'M BALD!
I CAN'T FACE THE WORLD LIKE THIS!
GIMME HALF A GALLON OF HAIR RESTORER AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
SOME TIME LATER, AT HOME...
THAT RESTORER SURE WORKED FAST, BUT MY COAT ISN'T WHAT IT WAS!
PHOOEY! I'VE FOUND MY DUSTPAN BUT I CAN'T LOCATE MY BRUSH ANYWHERE!
WELL, I DO DECLARE THERE'S JUST THE THING!
YOU MAKE A FINE BRUSH, THOMAS!
NOW WHO'S SWEEPING THE FLOOR WITH WHOM? HO! HO! HO!

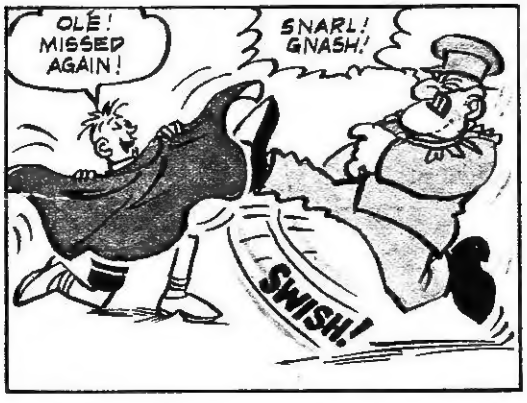
Seize a laugh with Ceasar Tom next week.

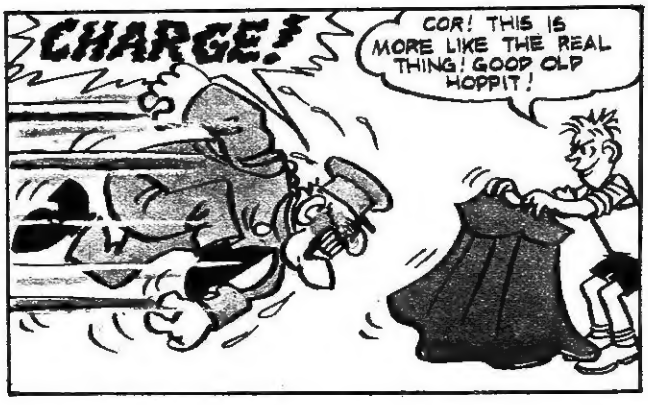
TV Terrors

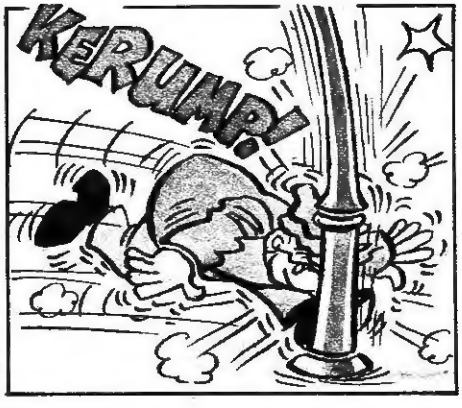


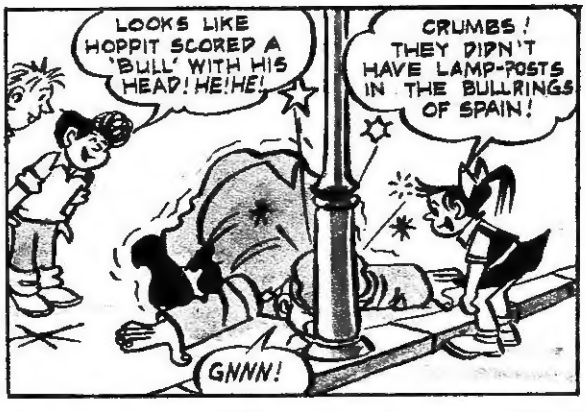


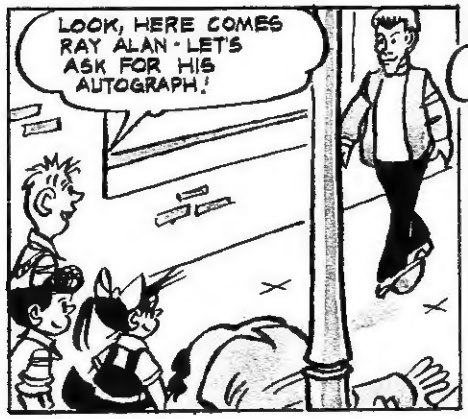












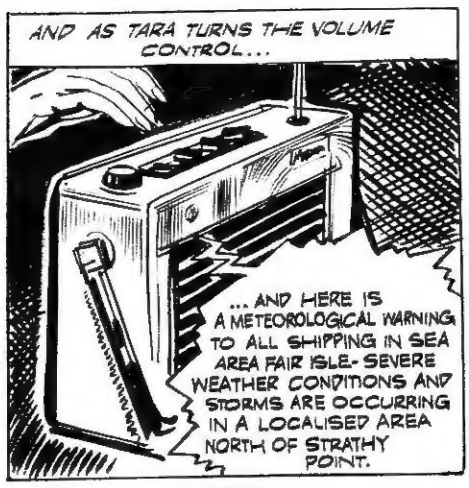
OH, YOU KNOW HOPPIT! HE'S ALWAYS BARGING AROUND LIKE A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP!
YEAH! HE NEVER SEES THE 'LIGHT' TILL IT'S TOO LATE! HA! HA!
HE! HE!

More Terror-ising next week.

THE AVENGERS

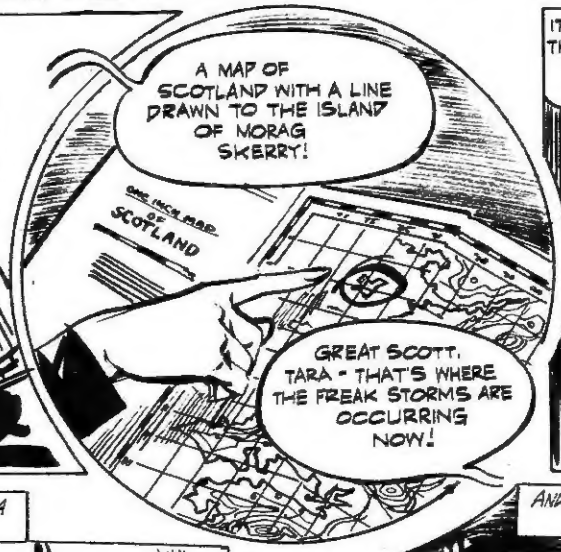
DELTA FIVE-ZERO, Britain's latest bomber, has vanished in a mysterious storm. Steed and Tara King think that Dr. Weatherby, a famous meteorologist, may help to solve the mystery. But the village where the doctor lives has been flooded, the doctor himself has disappeared and his laboratory has been ransacked . . .

HMM... WHOEVER OPENED THIS SAFE KNEW THE COMBINATION. I WONDER IF THIS MEANS THE DOCTOR JUST MADE A HURRIED DEPARTURE?
WELL, SOMEBODY FORGOT TO SWITCH THIS RADIO OFF!


AND AS TARA TURNS THE VOLUME CONTROL...
... AND HERE IS A METEOROLOGICAL WARNING TO ALL SHIPPING IN SEA AREA FAIR ISLE- SEVERE WEATHER CONDITIONS AND STORMS ARE OCCURRING IN A LOCALISED AREA NORTH OF STRATHY POINT.

MORE ABNORMAL WEATHER CONDITIONS, STEED! COULD THEY BE CONNECTED WITH THE STORMS WE'VE HAD IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY?
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, TARA-ANYWAY, WE'D BETTER SEARCH THE REST OF THE HOUSE!

THERE MUST BE SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THE STORMS, THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BOMBER AND THE VANISHING DOCTOR WEATHERBY!
STEED- I'VE FOUND A MAP! IT HAD FALLEN DOWN BEHIND THIS CUPBOARD!


A MAP OF SCOTLAND WITH A LINE DRAWN TO THE ISLAND OF MORAG SKERRY!
ONE INCH MAP OF SCOTLAND
GREAT SCOTT, TARA - THAT'S WHERE THE FREAK STORMS ARE OCCURRING NOW!

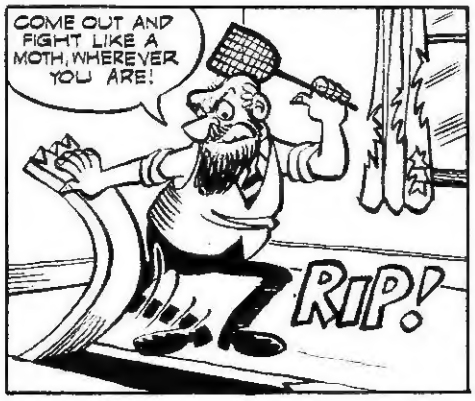
THIRTY-SIX HOURS LATER, AND NEARING THE END OF A LONG AND WEARYING JOURNEY...
BRRR... IT'S GETTING STEADILY COLDER, STEED. I'M FROZEN!
YES, IF WE WEREN'T IN HIGH SUMMER, I'D SAY IT WAS GOING TO SNOW!

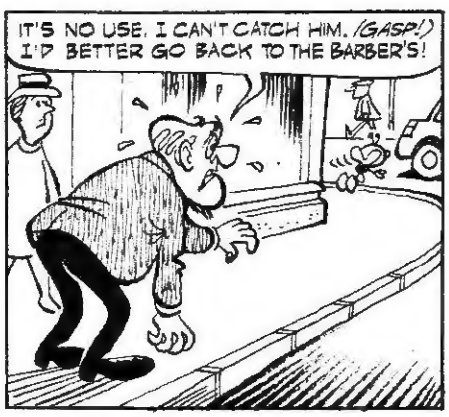
Based on the Thames Television production

Snowstorm in summer! Read next week's exciting story.

MIGHTY MOTH

DAD HAS GROWN A BEARD, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW MIGHTY MOTH IS HIDING IN IT, SO... SHH!
I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MOTH FOR DAYS, BUT HE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE 'COS HE'S STILL EATING MY SUITS AND CURTAINS!
972



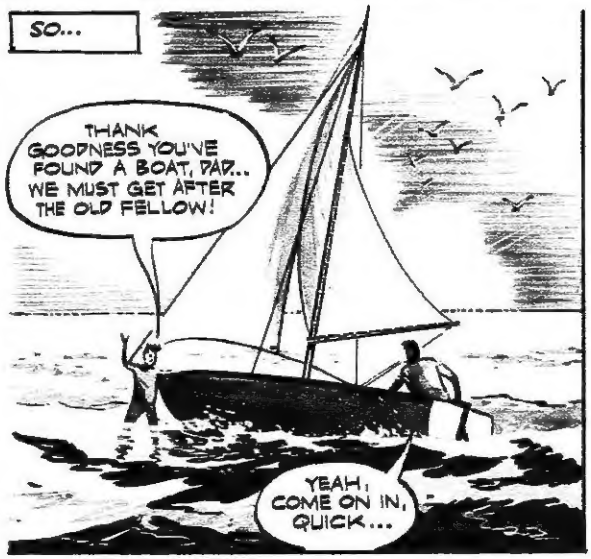


Ooh-La-La ! Mighty Moth in France next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE is afloat! He has tried to halt the tide like King Canute! But the tide won't stop for him . . . and Catweazle can't swim! Carrot, who has been helping his Dad get their car out of the mud, wonders what he can do to help Catweazle . . .

FORTUNATELY, MR. BENNET HAS HAD THE SAME THOUGHT... WHEN THE BREAKDOWN VAN REACHES THE SHORE...
IS THAT A BOATHOUSE AHEAD, DRIVER...?
SURE IS, MATE... YACHTS, ROW-BOATS... EVERYTHING...



BUT WHERE IS CATWEAZLE...?
I CAN'T SEE HIM, DAD. COULD HE... COULD HE HAVE BEEN SWEPT OUT TO SEA?
IT'S POSSIBLE, SON... THE TIDE PLAYS QUEER TRICKS ROUND THESE ISLANDS... THERE MAY BE A BACK EDDY HERE...
THERE HE IS! HE'S STILL AFLOAT!

I'M GOING TO SPEAK NOW! WE'VE COME OUT HERE WITH THE WIND AFT, AND I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET BACK AGAINST IT!
GULP! FEAR NOT, O MASTER! GURGLE! MY MAGIC WILL SAVE THEE. NOW WILL I CHANGE THE WIND SO THAT IT BLOWS US BACK AGAIN...

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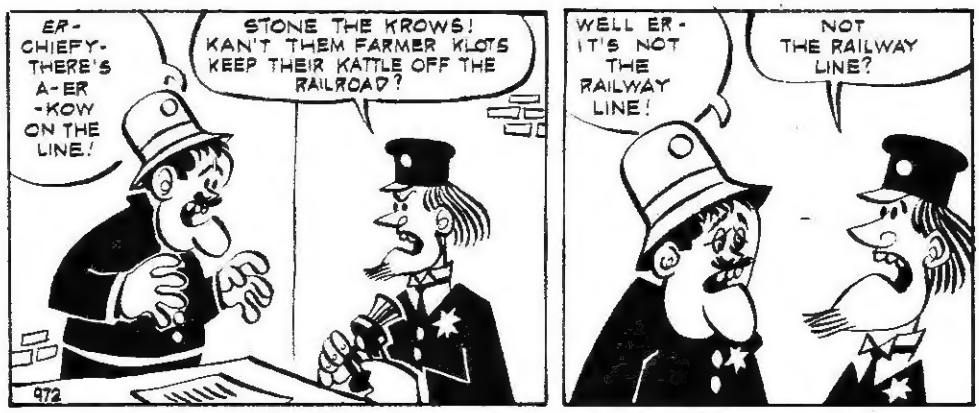
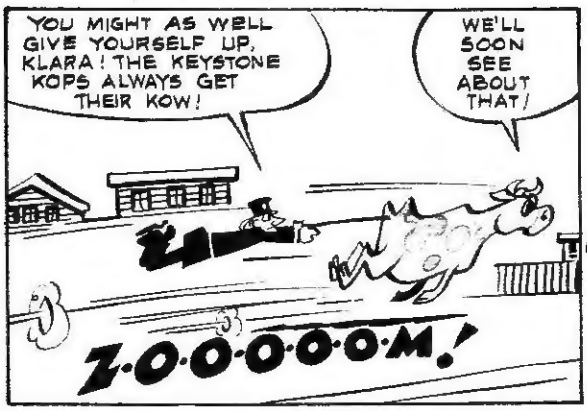
This ' spells ' more trouble next week.

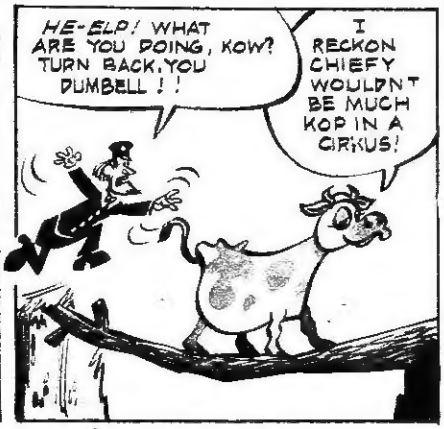
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*

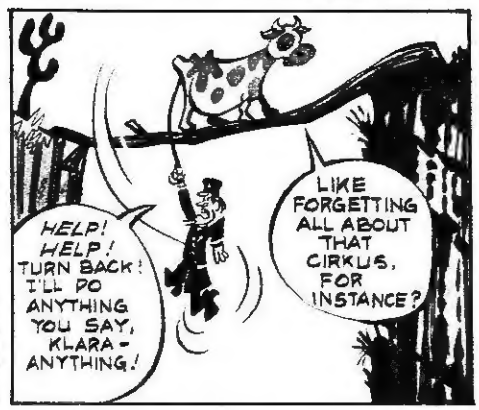

ER-CHIEFY-THERE'S A-ER-KOW ON THE LINE!
STONE THE KROWS! KAN'T THEM FARMER KLOTS KEEP THEIR KATTLE OFF THE RAILROAD?
WELL ER-IT'S NOT THE RAILWAY LINE!
NOT THE RAILWAY LINE?
972

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, KONSTABLE? THIS KOW KAN MAKE US A FORTUNE! WE KOULD SELL IT TO A CIRKUS AND RETIRE FROM THE FORCE!
KRUMBS! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, CHIEFY?

I'LL PHONE UP ALL THE CIRKUSES AND SEE WHO MAKES THE BIGGEST OFFER!
AND WE'LL MAKE SURE KLARA DOESN'T KATCH KOLD! KOKOA KOMING UP!
WHAT'S WIT ALL THE FUSS?







TH-THAT K-KOW'S A FIEND! I-I NEVER W-WANT TO G-GO THROUGH TH-THAT AGAIN!
AND I'M GOING TO FORGET ALL ABOUT TIGHTROPE WALKING AND THE LIKE IN FUTURE.

NEXT DAY... GRR! THAT KOW'S BEEN ON THE LINE FOR THE PAST HOUR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
N-NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY N-NOTHING! I HAVEN'T YET REKOVERED FROM MY LAST ENKOUNTER WITH TH-THAT K-KREATURE!
ZZZZZZZZ

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Kops get K-nighted in armour next week.

Tich and Quackers

YEOW! THAT'S A SUPER BIG BUBBLE-GUM BUBBLE YOU'VE BLOWN, TICH!

YEEIKES! THAT WINDBAG PERCY'S BLOWN A BIGGER ONE!

OF COURSE!

HUH! I BET IF HE TRIED, TICH COULD BLOW A BIGGER BUBBLE THAN YOU!

BET HE COULDN'T!

GO ON, TICH!

PUFF! GASP!

PAH! THAT LITTLE THING WON'T TAKE MUCH BEATING!

CRUMBS! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! HE'S BLOWN A WHOPPER!

HUH! NO WONDER ... HE'S FULL OF WIND!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO GO NOW, CHAPS..... I HAVE TO WASH MY CAR! IT'S A TRIFLE DIRTY!!

BLOOMING SHOW-OFF! JUST 'COS HE'S GOT A CAR!

LATER...

GOSH! PERCY'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA, QUACKERS! I KNOW HOW WE CAN BLOW BIGGER BUBBLES THAN HE CAN!

DO EXPLAIN! DO!

WHISPER. WHISPER!

OH, BOY! WHAT A BRIGHT IDEA!

MOMENTS LATER!

THAT'S FUNNY! NO WATER COMING THROUGH! THERE MUST BE AN AIR-LOCK!

YOOHOO, PERCY! I'VE JUST BLOWN A BUBBLE THAT YOU'LL NEVER BEAT!

EH?

THROB!

THROB!

YEEEAAGH! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM!

COME ON, QUACKERS! 'TIME WE WERE OFF! THAT BUBBLES GOING TO BURST!

BANG!

GLUG! SPLUTTER!

THAT KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS!

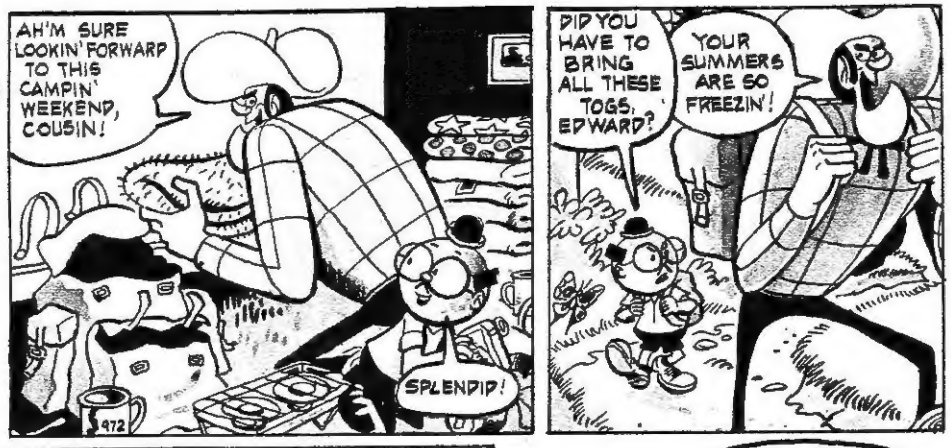
YEAH! ONE WINDBAG PUNCTURED!

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

Can a ' Flatfoot ' ski ? See next week.

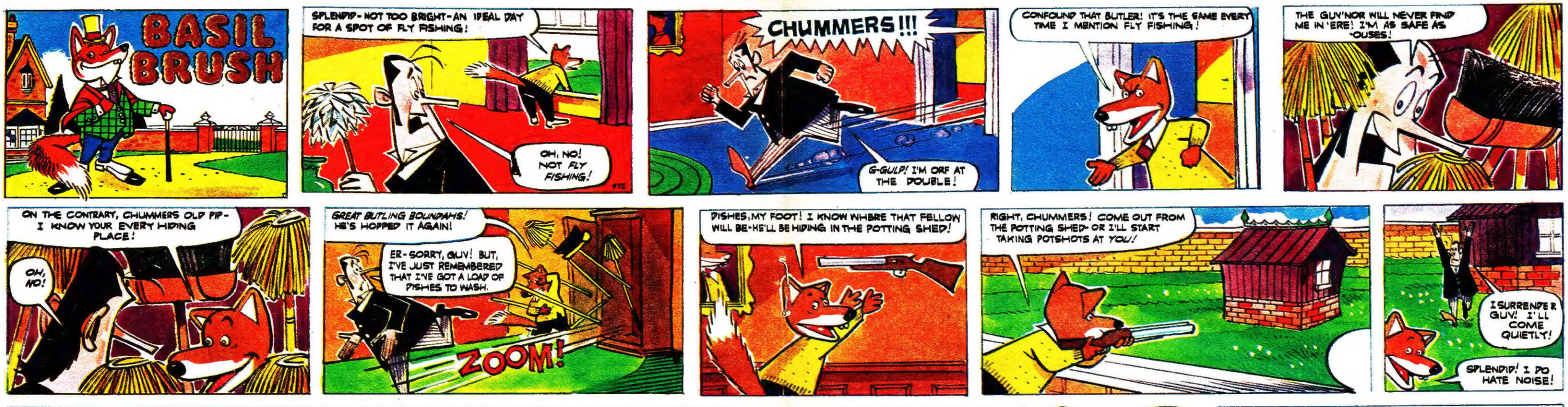
TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head


AH'M SURE LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THIS CAMPIN' WEEKEND, COUSIN!
SPLENDID!
DID YOU HAVE TO BRING ALL THESE TOGS, EDWARD?
YOUR SUMMERS ARE SO FREEZIN'!

I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT ALL THESE SWEATERS AND THINGS NOW, EDWARD - THEY MAKE A FINE NEW TENT!
BAR! BUT YUH MIGHT'VE LEFT ONE FER ME TO PUT ON! AH'M FREEZIN'!
THE LONE STAR STATE
TEXAS
FRANK McDIARMID

'Gurgles' of laughter in the swimming pool next week.


BASIL BRUSH
SPLENDID - NOT TOO BRIGHT - AN IDEAL DAY FOR A SPOT OF FLY FISHING!
OH, NO! NOT FLY FISHING!
CHUMMERS!!!
G-GULP! I'M ORF AT THE DOUBLE!
CONFOUND THAT BUTLER! IT'S THE SAME EVERY TIME I MENTION FLY FISHING!
THE GUV'NOR WILL NEVER FIND ME IN 'ERE! I'M AS SAFE AS 'OUSES!
ON THE CONTRARY, CHUMMERS OLD PIP - I KNOW YOUR EVERY HIDING PLACE!
OH, NO!
GREAT BUTLING BOUNDAHS! HE'S HOPPED IT AGAIN!
ER - SORRY, GUV! BUT, I'VE JUST REMEMBERED THAT I'VE GOT A LOAD OF DISHES TO WASH.
ZOOM!
DISHES, MY FOOT! I KNOW WHERE THAT FELLOW WILL BE - HE'LL BE HIDING IN THE POTTING SHED!
RIGHT, CHUMMERS! COME OUT FROM THE POTTING SHED - OR I'LL START TAKING POTSHOTS AT YOU!
I SURRENDER GUV! I'LL COME QUIETLY!
SPLENDID! I DO HATE NOISE!
I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT AGAINST A SPOT OF FLY FISHING, CHUMMERS - IT'S SPIFFING FUN!
HUH! IT MIGHT BE FUN FOR YOU, GUV'NOR - BUT IT AIN'T MUCH FUN FOR ME!
WELL, CHUMMERS, OLD PAL - I'M ALL READY TO START! HOW ARE YOU COMING ALONG?
I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE, GUV!
BZZZ ZZZZZZ
HERE THEY COME! IT NEVER FAILS!
YEAH, GUV! HERE THEY COME!
NOW YOU KNOW WHY I DIDN'T WANT TER COME! THE GUV DOES A SPOT OF FLY FISHING - BUT HE H'ONLY BRINGS ME ALONG TO DO A SPOT OF FLY SWISHING!
SWISH!
SWISH!
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, CHUMMERS! YOU KNOW HOW I HATE FLIES!

You collect laughs when Basil collects for charity next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THE grey squirrel is a pretty little animal and it can be quite tame. It is often seen in the gardens of large towns. In the country, however, it is considered a bit of a pest.

ISN'T THAT A SQUIRREL UP THERE?
SOME PEOPLE CAN'T TELL A CARTHORSE FROM A CANARY!
LET'S PUT SOME NUTS ON THE GROUND FOR IT!
CARE TO POP DOWN FOR A BITE?
OKAY. RACE YOU TO THE GROUND!
I'M NOT READY YET!
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO EAT IT OR BURY IT!
I'M BURYING MINE FOR LATER ON!
PEOPLE SAY YOU STEAL BIRDS' EGGS.
MY DEAR GIRL, THERE AREN'T ANY EGGS AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR!

Next week, Johnny Morris tells you how lobsters are caught.

ASTRONUT

GASP! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME WITH MY SHOPPING!.. GASP!
OUTA MY WAY, WEED!
H-E-Y!
YOU DID THAT DELIBERATELY, YOU BIG BULLY. ALL MY SHOPPING'S SCATTERED IN THE ROAD. THANKS TO YOU!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER....
OH, NOT AGAIN! I'VE JUST PICKED EVERYTHING UP!
NUG!
SALBA
LATER, OSCAR TELLS ASTRO HIS TROUBLES....
WILL YOU USE YOUR SUPER POWERS TO MAKE ME BIG, ASTRO? I WANT TO GET MY OWN BACK ON THAT BULLY NEXT DOOR!
THERE IS A SPELL I USED TO KNOW THAT MADE THINGS GROW... BUT I'M NOT SURE IF I CAN REMEMBER THE RIGHT WORDS!
I'LL DO MY BEST.... ITSY WITSY THINGAWEE-JIG... CAST THIS SPELL AND MAKE US BIG!
OH, NO! YOU MUST'VE GOT THE SPELL WRONG, ASTRO! WE'RE ONLY THREE INCHES HIGH NOW!
NEVER MIND, OSCAR! WE CAN TURN OUR NEW SIZE TO OUR ADVANTAGE!
SO...
IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER TO GET REVENGE ON THAT BULLY NOW... I'LL SHOW YOU! FIRST WE'LL ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE KEYHOLE! TE! HE!
MINUTES LATER...
I CAN HEAR THE BULLY COMING! WE'LL LUG THIS TUBE OF TOOTHPASTE OUT ONTO THE LANDING!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, ASTRO!
AND SO... COME DOWN ON IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN OSCAR! THAT'S IT!
NEEEYAARR!
KERRUNCH!
IT'S THINKING BIG, NOT BEING BIG, THAT COUNTS, OSCAR! HO! HO! HO! HO!
SMALL WONDER WE CUT HIM DOWN TO SIZE! HE! HE! HE!

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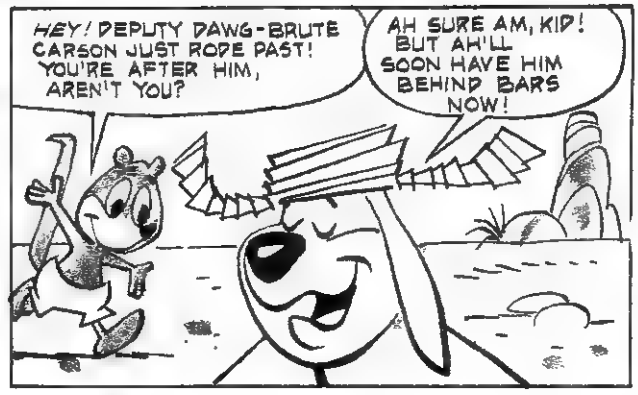
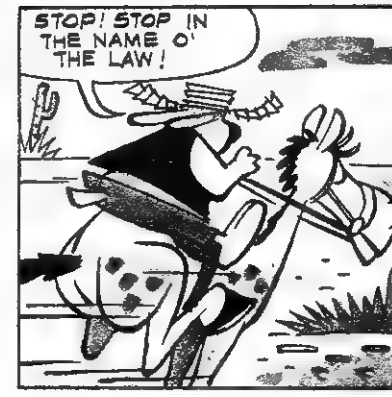
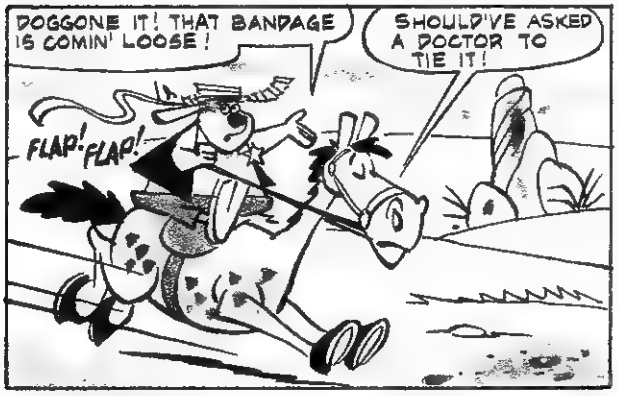
Astro rescues a King from Bouncing Bobo next week.

Deputy Dawg

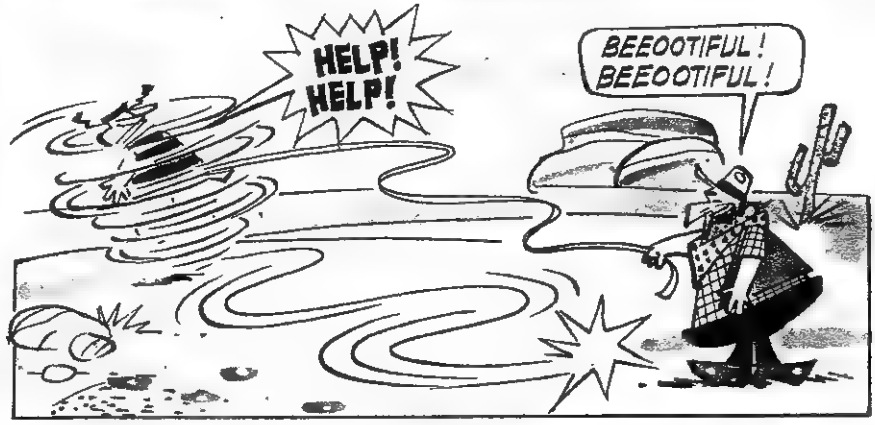
AH'LL HAVE TO BLOCK UP THEM HOLES - IF AH DON'T, THE WIND WILL WHISTLE THROUGH THEM AND AH'LL END UP WITH A NASTY HEAD COLD!
WELL, BANDAGES IS ONE WAY OF DOING IT!

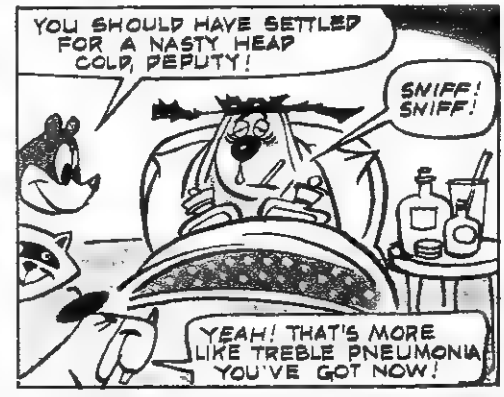






GAWSH! AH DO BELIEVE THAT'S MA OLD PAL DEPUTY DAWG BENEATH ALL THEM BANDAGES!
ER - AND AH DO BELIEVE THAT VOICE BELONGS TO BRUTE CARSON!





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Deputy wants a neat nag to go with his new uniform next week.

BEETLE BAILEY

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More military mirth next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

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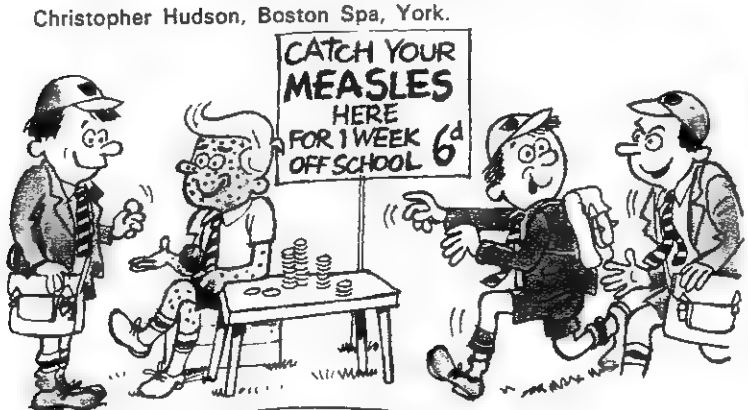
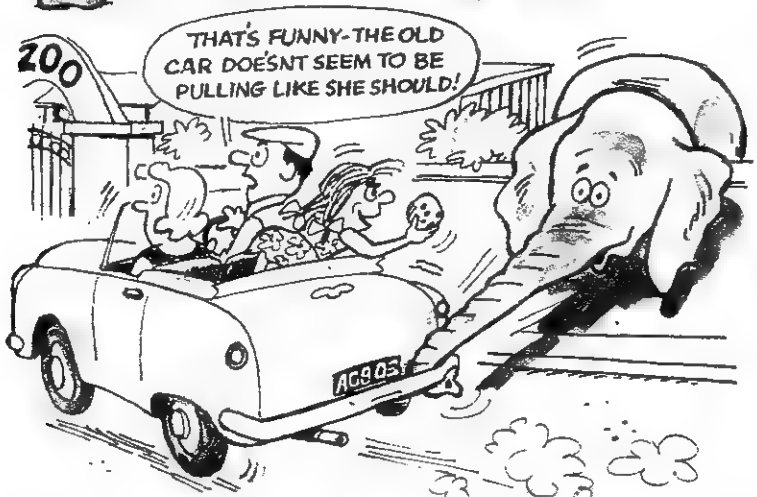


Edwina Gover, Dalkeith, Midlothian.



Linda Garrett, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Robert L. Gladstone, Oxted, Surrey.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
NO PLACE LIKE GNOME
O-.O- I WAS GWOING FOR A SWIM IN MY WITTLE BIRD BATH BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL NOW!
COZ THAT GNOME WASN'T SITTING THERE LAST NIGHT. BESIDES, HE WOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY WIKE DAT BAD OLE PUTEY-TAT. OH YES, HE DOES! SO I'M GOING TO THE LAKE!
SO-LATER...
SAY! WHERE'S THAT STUPID BIRD GOING? WHY ISN'T HE TAKING HIS MORNING BATH IN HIS USUAL PLACE?
OH-SO THAT'S IT! HE'S SWIMMING IN THE LAKE... OKAY, THAT WON'T STOP ME-I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS AN OLD FISHERMAN AND SNEAK UP ON HIM!
IT'S ME FOLKS! GOOP DISGUISE EH? LISTEN, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA-I'M GONNA GO FISHING FOR LITTLE TWEETY BIRDS!
AND HERE I GO-WATCH ME GRAB HIM!
SAY!! WHO'S A-PULLIN ON MY MUSTASH? WHUT'S A'GOIN ON AROUND HERE?
SEE HERE, FISHERMAN-I'M THE GAME WARDEN IN THIS HERE PARK AND I DON'T ALLOW NO FISHING! SO I'M A-WARNIN' YOU TO GIT OFF O'MY PARK!
BUT SINCE YOU TORED AT MY MUSTASH I'M DOIN' MORE THAN JUST A-WARNING YOU OFF! IN FACT I'M A-BLASTIN YOU OFF!
BLAM
BLAST
I GOT MA SUSPICIONS ABOUT THAT THERE FISHERMAN-I RECKON HE WUZ THAT THERE PESTIFEROUS CAT IN DISGUISE!
BUT IF I KNOWS HIM, HE'LL BE BACK-HUH! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME NONE IF HE CAME BACK DISGUISED AS A BIRD AND ASKIN' FUR MY PERTECTION!
SO LATER ON...
CHEEP-CHEEP!
NICE DAY, GUVNOR! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU GAME WARDENS ABOUT PROTECTING US INNOCENT BIRDS...
IT'S HIM SURE ENOUGH! WHUT DID I TELL YOU?
WELL, I'M RIGHT GLAD TO SEE YOU, BURP! COZ I'M TIRED O'BEIN' A GAME WARDEN SO I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A POACHER AND I'LL HAVE YOU FUR MY DINNER!
CLICK
HOLD ON, GUVNOR, LOCK! I'M NOT REALLY A BIRD, I'M A CAT IN DISGUISE! CONFIDENTIALLY, I'M AFTER A CERTAIN LITTLE TWEETY BIRD!
IS THAT SO? WELL! WELL! WELL!
NOW AIN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE! COZ I AIN'T REALLY A POACHER, I'M STILL A GAME WARDEN AND I'M A-GONNA DO MY DUTY AND BLAST YORE MANGY HIDE OFF!
BLAST!
BAM!
FINALLY.....
HISSSSSS
HAWO, PUTEY-TAT, WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN AND SWIM IN THE WAKE? THERE'S WOTS MORE WOOM DOWN THERE!

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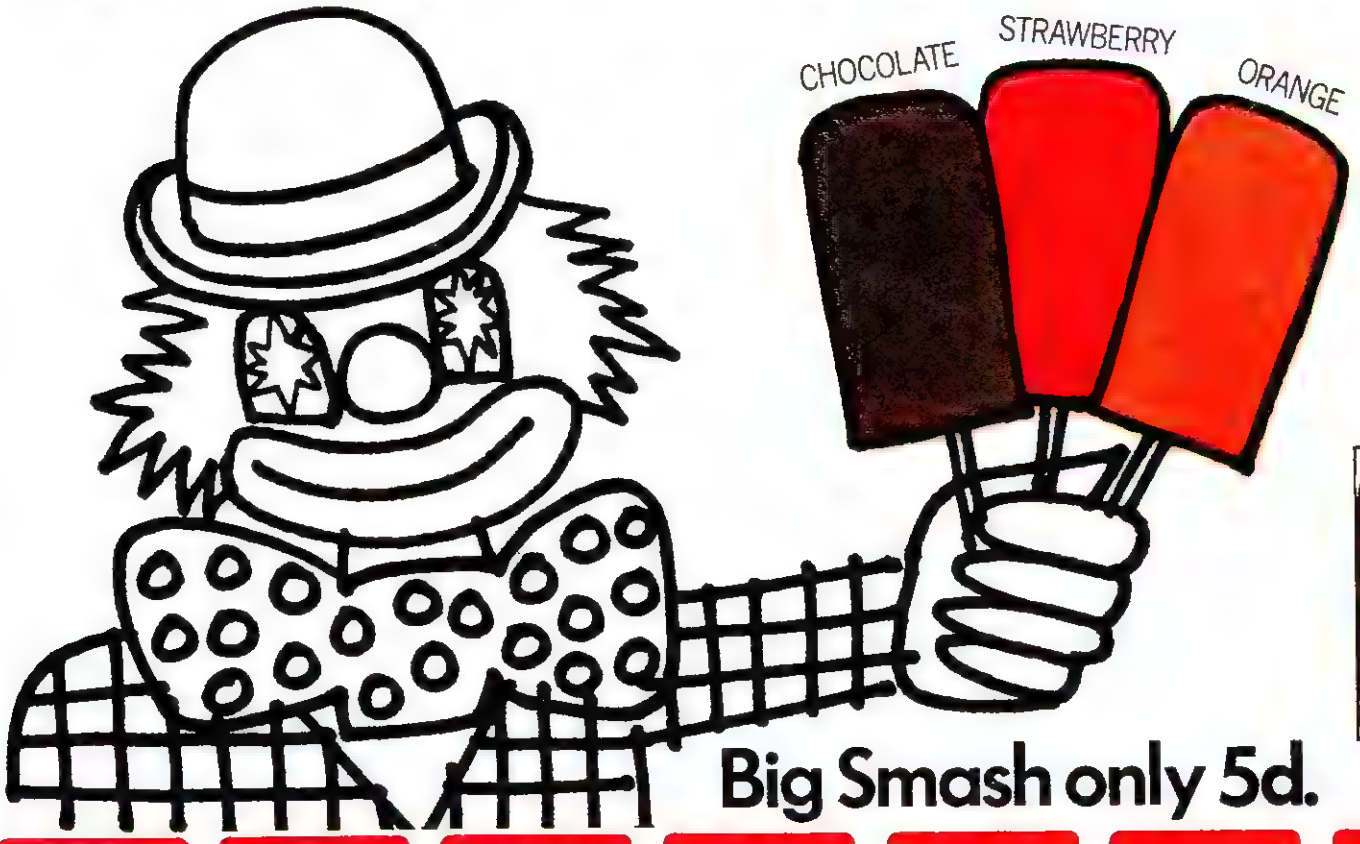
Daffy Duck—out of luck—next week.

colour in a 'Smash' clown



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LAUREL & HARDY

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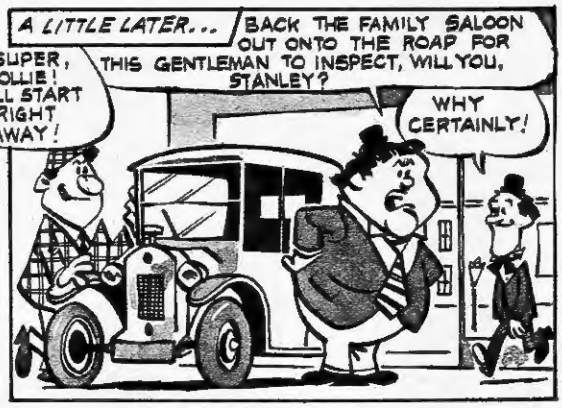
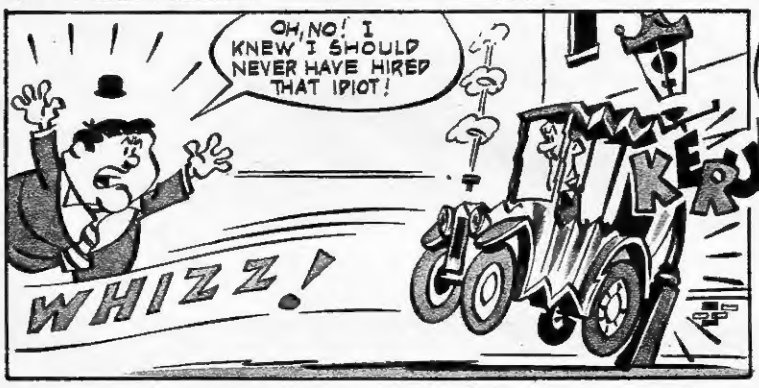
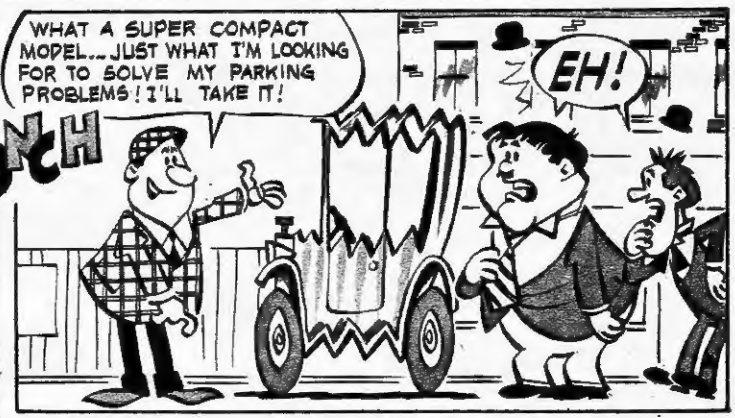
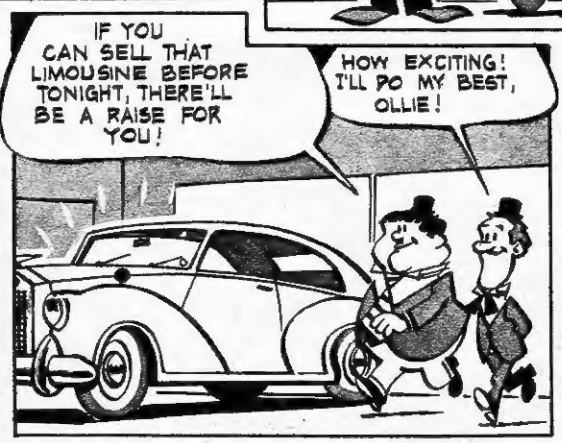
I'VE BEEN MADE MANAGER OF THIS CAR SALES SHOP, STAN... I'LL TAKE YOU ON AS A SALESMAN IF YOU LIKE!
CAR SALES
SUPER, OLLIE! I'LL START RIGHT AWAY!
972









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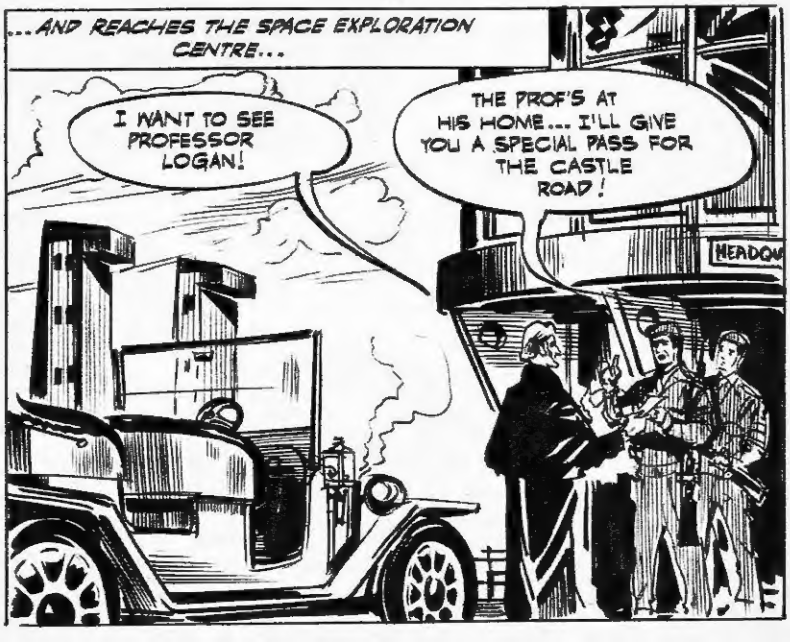
DOCTOR WHO

AT the launch site in the Scottish Highlands of a British space capsule, Dr. Who meets the Director, Professor Logan, who asks the Doctor to examine some rocks he claims have been brought back from the planet Venus . . .

NOT GENUINE...? BUT THE BRIGADIER...? PROFESSOR LOGAN, THEY SAID...
YES... THEY TOLD ME THE ROCKS WERE FROM VENUS. BUT FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER WE'VE BEEN MISINFORMED!
972

ANY RESULTS ON THOSE VENUS SAMPLES, DOCTOR?
I NEED MORE INFORMATION, BRIGADIER. I WANT TO HAVE ANOTHER WORD WITH PROFESSOR LOGAN. WILL YOU ARRANGE A PASS?


...AND REACHES THE SPACE EXPLORATION CENTRE...
I WANT TO SEE PROFESSOR LOGAN!
THE PROF'S AT HIS HOME... I'LL GIVE YOU A SPECIAL PASS FOR THE CASTLE ROAD!

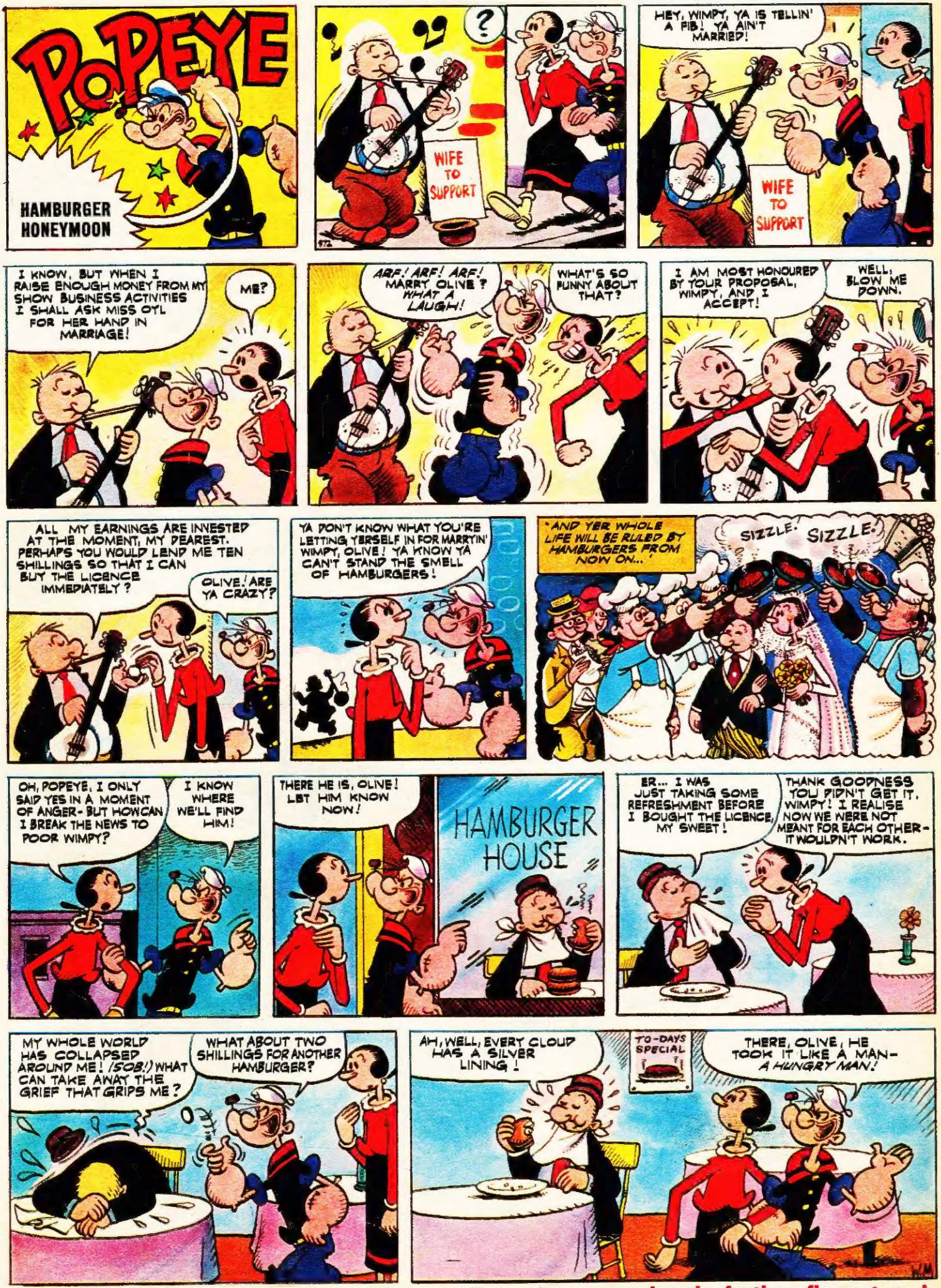
THE AREA IS HEAVILY GUARDED...
SO, THE PROFESSOR LIVES IN RATHER GRAND STYLE. THIS AFFAIR GETS MORE INTERESTING BY THE MINUTE!

LOGAN WELCOMES THE DOCTOR...
YOU HAVE A MAGNIFICENT HOME, PROFESSOR.
YES...THIS CASTLE HAS BEEN IN THE LOGAN FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS. IT WAS BUILT SOON AFTER THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS!

WHAT ABOUT THE ROCKS, DOCTOR? I WAS RIGHT... THEY DO CONTAIN LIFE SUPPORTING QUALITIES?
YES, THEY DO. WHY DID YOU LIE TO ME, PROFESSOR? IS THE BRIGADIER INVOLVED IN THIS HOAX?

YOU SEE, LOGAN, I HAVE BEEN TO VENUS... AT LEAST FIVE TIMES. AND THAT PLANET DEFINITELY DOES NOT HAVE ROCKS LIKE YOUR SAMPLES!
NO-ONE WILL BELIEVE YOU. I'M AFRAID, DOCTOR, IT'S YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE. YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING.

What is Logan's plan ? See next week.


POPEYE
HAMBURGER HONEYMOON
?
WIFE TO SUPPORT
HEY, WIMPY, YA IS TELLIN' A FIB! YA AIN'T MARRIED!
WIFE TO SUPPORT
I KNOW, BUT WHEN I RAISE ENOUGH MONEY FROM MY SHOW BUSINESS ACTIVITIES I SHALL ASK MISS OYL FOR HER HAND IN MARRIAGE!
ME?
ARF! ARF! ARF! MARRY OLIVE? WHAT A LAUGH!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?
I AM MOST HONOURED BY YOUR PROPOSAL, WIMPY, AND I ACCEPT!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN.
ALL MY EARNINGS ARE INVESTED AT THE MOMENT, MY DEAREST. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LEND ME TEN SHILLINGS SO THAT I CAN BUY THE LICENCE IMMEDIATELY?
OLIVE! ARE YA CRAZY?
YA DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LETTING YERSELF IN FOR MARRYIN' WIMPY, OLIVE! YA KNOW YA CAN'T STAND THE SMELL OF HAMBURGERS!
'AND YER WHOLE LIFE WILL BE RULED BY HAMBURGERS FROM NOW ON...'
SIZZLE! SIZZLE!
OH, POPEYE, I ONLY SAID YES IN A MOMENT OF ANGER - BUT HOW CAN I BREAK THE NEWS TO POOR WIMPY?
I KNOW WHERE WE'LL FIND HIM!
THERE HE IS, OLIVE! LET HIM KNOW NOW!
HAMBURGER HOUSE
ER... I WAS JUST TAKING SOME REFRESHMENT BEFORE I BOUGHT THE LICENCE, MY SWEET!
THANK GOODNESS YOU DIDN'T GET IT, WIMPY! I REALISE NOW WE WERE NOT MEANT FOR EACH OTHER - IT WOULDN'T WORK.
MY WHOLE WORLD HAS COLLAPSED AROUND ME! (SOB!) WHAT CAN TAKE AWAY THE GRIEF THAT GRIPS ME?
WHAT ABOUT TWO SHILLINGS FOR ANOTHER HAMBURGER?
AH, WELL, EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING!
TO-DAYS SPECIAL
THERE, OLIVE, HE TOOK IT LIKE A MAN - A HUNGRY MAN!

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Popeye's parrot makes the feathers fly next week.